

Is it Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother, bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we bear each other, in the blackness of heart, that we will to the... God pity us all, as we jostle each other...

A. BEAVER'S CONVENT ADVENTURE.

In the Convent of M., not a hundred miles from New York City, the pious inmates were not long since aroused from their early rest by an unusual, unbecoming, and unexpected visitor...

One of the nuns, whose zeal and skill in imparting the knowledge is well known to many of our New Yorkers, exclaimed in the proficiency of her class in Natural History, and with laudable pride displayed to visitors...

At last the box was ready; upon the cover was written "Madame W., Convent of S. H., near New York." One of the nuns wrote a note to the porter in charge of freight at the express office, and gave it to the man who was waiting for orders to remove the box from the convent...

Several nuns, some in black veils and some in white, were around it, busily engaged in packing, in every crevice of space left, all the cast-off French books the institution could rake up, in order to supply the New York academy without the expense of express charge if sent in any other way...

in an undertone called around him two or three men, who were mixing lime at the time opposite a new building, to help him to carry into the church the body. "Let it be buried decently," said the man to his comrades...

Heard me! dear me! I do not know; there he is knocking away at the door; what will we do? The Mother Superior approached the door, "sir, what do you want here at this hour?" she asked, in a dignified tone of authority...

"What is this?" inquired Father D., rather gruffly, amazed at the appearance of the so-called coffin. "Can you read?" he asked, pointing to the name of Madame W., on the lid. "I'll leave it in the street first..."

At this moment a matronly looking lady, in a long veil, and a rosary at her side, with a heavy silver cross suspended from a ribbon around her neck, made her appearance, and, in the most decided and authoritative manner, ordered the intruder to leave the house, which, of course, he refused to do...

"What is here?" inquired Sister B., a little strengthened by curiosity. "The body! the dead body!" replied the voice outside. "The dead body?" reiterated Sister B., dropping her lantern, and resting both hands upon her knees...

THE BLASPHEMER.

"THE 'NOTES' NOT HEEDED—DECLINES TO RECOGNIZE FATHER LAMBERT—FATHER CROBIN REPLIES. Buffalo Evening News of Monday. A representative of the Evening News called on Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at the Mansion House yesterday and had the following talk:

"I have read a few paragraphs—enough to see that the book amounts to nothing, that it is utterly devoid of anything worth answering. Will you consent to meet Father Lambert or Father Cronin of this city in debate?" "Neither of these gentlemen, or fathers as you call them, have ever signified any desire to discuss with me that I know of. Have you been authorized to act for them?"

With all due respect to the gifted infidel and his opinions, the News did not accept this answer as conclusive, or agree with Mr. Ingersoll when he says the "Notes" are not worth answering. The "Notes" are considered by the intelligent public, Catholic and non-Catholic, to be worthy of a representative of this paper called on Father Cronin, the accomplished editor of the Catholic Union, and secured the following interview:

When Ingersoll, therefore, said, 'I must wait for an invitation,' he was simply telling another untruth, just as when he stated that he had only a few pages of the 'Notes.' That book he read and re-read until he felt the author's merciless blade dashed in his quivering heart. If he wants to know how the 'Notes' are regarded by the non-Catholic and secular press throughout the country, let him turn to their comments at the close of his book...

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

"COLOSSAL CHEEK" AND WANT OF POLITENESS ITS PRIMUM FACTORS. Catholic Columbian. Have you ever noticed the number of well-dressed men who cluster in the back part of Catholic churches during Mass on Sunday, or impudently enter a pew paid for by some one else?

It is hardly necessary for me to ask this question, because I feel satisfied your answer will be, "Yes." It has become so much like a rule with a certain class representing the rising generation, so accomplished in the purchase of a half dozen cigars or a reserved seat in a theatre, that it can scarcely be palmed off to any one. The adamant "cheek" displayed by those individuals, and their weak excuses of financial inability are truly wonderful; and this acquirement and pretense is the result of a studied cultivation of that colossal "cheek."

It may be proper to remark right here that an investigation would prove that those young men who faithfully discharge their duty are synonymous for moral honesty and through this grade of honesty is inconsistent with the acquisition of wealth, its practice gains for a man the implicit confidence of his fellow beings. Point out the man who faithfully discharges his duty, and I will show you a man who can be implicitly trusted.

Now, the notorious infidel can find better work to do in Buffalo, New York more worthy of intellectual resources—than in delivering any new lecture. Let him answer some of the pungent "Notes on Ingersoll" which Father Lambert has made with reference to the gifted speaker's old lectures. The valiant Colonel has declined to meet Father Lambert in open debate, on the pretext that his merciless critic is not a representative man of his Church.

There is not one iota of exaggeration in the above; and in this instance can it be termed discourtesy only? No; a man with a fragment of manhood in him would denounce it as unworthy of a savage Comanche. A man will not lose anything by being courteous to strangers who may enter his church, while a stranger will not fail to appreciate the motives that induce such courtesy.

THE LAND TALK.

The following is Dr. Dearnin's speech in support of the petition. I take credit for having done something very important...

Dr. Dearnin said: "I am permitted to praise, and say that the year I made speeches upon it, and it shows us when Mr. Dearnin such a report as to my land; but at that the report some attention should be given to the premises on the Street; the particular attention last year I was permitted to have the report of the St. John's of the..."

The matter has been considered as to recommendations made as to what might be done in the interests of the side property of our denvers a large estate, the acquisition of the waters of the harbor space had been completed on the subject requested to em services on the committee have man an elaborate care, and marked most valuable aid and guidance.

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I think there is one habit worse than that of punning, says Wendell Holmes. It is the gradual substitution of cant or flash terms for words which truly characterize their objects. I have known several very genteel idiots whose whole vocabulary has deliquesced into some half-dozen expressions. All things led into one or two categories—'ad o dom.' Man's chief end was to be a brack. When the great calamities of life overtook their friends, these last were spoken of as being a good deal 'up. Nine-tenths of human existence were summed up in the single word 'love. These expressions came to be the only words of the vocabulary of minds which had grown too weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank cheques of intellectual bankruptcy; you may fill them with what ideas you like, it makes no difference, for there are no funds in the treasury upon which they were drawn.